E 470
.5
.S75
~~1405~~

0 014 040 847 5

Permalife®
pH 8.5

E 470
.5
.S75
Copy 1

The Thirty-Fifth Reunion
of the

Society of the Army of the Tennessee

held at
Cincinnati, Ohio

Annual Address by
Captain Woodson S. Marshall
October 5, 1905

President Roosevelt.
With high regards.
W. S. Marshall

E470
.5
.S75

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY

CAPTAIN WOODSON S. MARSHALL.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Recently while in the city of Raleigh, North Carolina, I stood in the Senate chamber and looked upon the scene where the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, two score years ago, was conceived and brought forth, dedicated to the lofty purpose of keeping alive and preserving that kindly and cordial feeling which had been one of the characteristics of that army during its career in the service, and consecrated to the sacred trust of preserving and transmitting the fame and glory of all the officers belonging to the Army of the Tennessee who had fallen in battle or in the line of duty.

In a revolting State, amidst bristling bayonets, the clank of sabers, the din of arms, the roar of cannon and all the panoplies of active, insistent warfare, and while pressing hard a wary and determined foe, this Society came into being and around it stood the "Old Guard" with mailed hands and drawn swords, and in whose stern, relentless faces there was written in no uncertain lines their unalterable purpose of "victory or death," and over whom there waved then as now the stars and stripes, and in defense of which those bronzed and seasoned soldiers had attested their fealty and proved their valor on a hundred crimson battlefields.

Fitting place indeed for the organization of this Society, for it was within the very shadow of King's Mountain, whence came, a century before, the earliest whisper of independence.

In its infancy the hands which rocked the cradle were the hands that four long years before had with supreme courage flung their glinting swords into the sunlight, and pressing onward, without a single defeat, marched from the Ohio River southward almost to the Gulf, from the banks of the Mississippi

eastward to the shores of the Atlantic, and thence northward through the Carolinas.

The songs which rang out in that old State House, where four and a quarter years before, resolutions to secede from the Union had, with great enthusiasm, been adopted, were by heroic voices attuned to music whose highest key was "Onward" and whose staccato note was "Unconditional and immediate surrender."

As to how unerringly its lines along lofty planes were drawn; have ever since been maintained and its loving purposes accomplished, let the resultant history of this splendid organization give answer; the cordial greetings and affectionate heart throbs of its members through four decades make reply.

Macedonia gave to Greece Alexander the Great; the city of Romulus gave to Rome Julius Caesar; the island of Corsica gave to France Napoleon Bonaparte, and Virginia gave to the Colonies the immortal Washington, while now we are met within the borders of the great State of Ohio, which gave to the Army of the Tennessee and through it to the nation and the world that matchless quartette of military chieftains, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and McPherson.

Aye, more, for we have assembled in that city where General Grant, having reached the supreme command of the army, developed and made known to General Sherman his plans for the concerted and simultaneous movement of all the great armies in the field, the result of which, brilliantly conceived, heroically and masterfully executed, within one year thereafter crushed out the most gigantic rebellion in the history of the world.

In contemplation of that remarkable feat, it is eminently proper to consider the vast aggregation of human power that was brought together from civil life, concentrated and molded into great driving engines of destructive warfare, which finally moved forward concurrently with resistless energy, in the execution of an unparalleled campaign, covering one thousand miles of front, under the direction and leadership of a commanding general of transcendent military genius, supplemented by the services of his great lieutenants, who displayed in the successful execution of that stupendous movement such extraordinary abilities that they not only brought immortal fame to themselves, but covered with glory every soldier engaged in that unsurpassed achievement.

From whence then came these masters of the art of war? These volunteers from the civil walks of life? Whence the rank and file of their intrepid armies, drilled and disciplined into

platoons and solid columns, more efficient and invincible than Wellington's "Old Guard" at Waterloo or Roman legions led on by Caesar, when their unbroken tread shook the earth.

When grim-visaged war came out of the South marching beneath a rebellious flag, Ulysses S. Grant was a private citizen, clerking in a small store in the State of Illinois. Turning his back upon affairs commercial, he entered the army and thereafter became the most potent factor in the great Civil War and easily the most colossal figure in an arena where giants with sullen courage measured their strength for military supremacy.

William T. Sherman resigned the superintendency of a small military academy in the State of Louisiana, and, taking up arms, threw himself with great force against a brave adversary as well as a skillful commander; beat him back in many sanguinary engagements; and, in the daily warfare around Atlanta, outgeneraled and forced him into a disastrous retreat.

Having demonstrated by the successful execution of unexcelled campaigns that he was a great strategist, extraordinary tactician and fearless leader of men, he became second in command only because General Grant was first.

Francis P. Blair, Jr., when hostilities broke out, was a lawyer in the city of St. Louis, but he was not Janus-faced. With inflexible courage he stood for the government at Washington; laid his pen down upon an unfinished brief, and went into the army. Turning his forceful character and great abilities into military channels, he won laurels as a corps commander on fields where grape, canister and solid shot held high carnival; became one of the great volunteer generals and wrote, with the point of his sword, an unanswerable brief in behalf of constitutional liberty and human rights.

John A. Logan resigned a seat in Congress, entered the service, and fought his way up from the command of a regiment to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. And he alone of all its great commanders won that proud distinction while battle raged, though it came to him across the lifeless body of the heroic and deeply deplored McPherson.

General Logan knew no fear, was pre-eminently a fighter, trusted by his superiors and adored by his army. And in imagination you can see him now, mounted on his spirited steed, booted and spurred with visor down; his black eyes flashing fire, his sword held aloft; his vehement, deep-toned voice sounding above the din and roar of battle, nerving every man to deeds of

heroism, as he swings a column of his brave boys into line and hurls them with irresistible force against the veteran legions of the South.

Grenville M. Dodge, our own versatile and inimitable president, when the guns of Sumter reverberated across the prairies and struck his ear, was a civil engineer engaged in building one of our principal railways. At once he set a stake in the ground firmly, noted its number, leaned his tripod up in the corner of a log cabin out West, threw a sheepskin over it, and volunteered. He rendered invaluable service wherever assigned to duty, however arduous, difficult or dangerous, and through the sheer force of personal merit won the rank of major-general. Enjoying the full confidence of General Grant, he was assigned to specially hazardous duties. He passed the most anxious moments of his life when he saw, at the battle of Atlanta, Hardee's entire corps, three times his number, strike the thin line of the Sixteenth Corps of the Army of the Tennessee, until he saw that corps stand, and, beating back charge after charge, stand—stand until at last it drove the enemy from the field with an awful slaughter and held that blood-soaked battle line.

When peace came he went back to that old log cabin, took up that same tripod; verified the theodolite, and, looking up the number of that stake, renewed his work; built the Union Pacific Railroad across plains and hills, gulches and rivers; wound around great altitudes; swung bridges across canons; tunneled through and crossed over "mountains rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun"; "joined tracks" on Promontory Summit, thus completing the first great national highway, binding together the mad and ever restless Atlantic Ocean to the shores of the Pacific, whose placid waters are amber and whose sands are gold.

The accomplished, faithful and deeply beloved General McPherson and the gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, General Howard, were each in the regular army when the war came on, though thereafter they won proud rank in the command of volunteer troops.

Such in brief were our marvelous commanders, but what of the officers and the men who composed the regiments, brigades and divisions, and which combined, formed the corps and constituted the immense armies which they led on to victory? Whence did they come and what were they when the tocsin of war aroused the people of the North to the realization of conditions, not theories?

We may safely assume that no army of such versatility will ever again be marshaled in this country. We were then essentially a nation of individuals, independent, self-reliant, aggressive and courageous.

We were also at that time in the flush and glow of health; in the splendid development of our physical manhood, the product of arduous and incessant contest with imperial forests and virgin soils—in making farms and roads, in bridging rivers, in digging canals and in constructing railways, in building homes and towns and cities. In a masterful effort to transform unbroken wilderness, a wild, non-productive continent into a new purpose, the support and maintenance of a large and ever-increasing population.

The merchant, the banker, the schoolmaster, the physician, the lawyer and the minister of the gospel, the mechanic and the common laborer, as well as he who assailed with his keen-edged axe the great trees; men with brain and brawn in every vocation battled with the elements and grew strong and muscular in the ceaseless and unrelenting struggle.

When the call to arms was sounded these men with hardened sinews and elastic footsteps came tripping into camp, bringing their splendid health and their earnest valor with them, to be equipped, drilled and transformed into soldiers. To lead a new life; to learn the bitter lessons of inexorable war.

Draw aside the curtain and once again look upon that passing scene in all its earnest intensity. Behold mariners slipping out of the rigging of their vessels; mechanics leaving their shops; carpenters climbing from the roofs of houses; miners throwing down their picks and shovels, and farmers leaving their plows in unfinished furrows; engineers whistling down brakes and leaping from their cabs; merchants forsaking their countingrooms; judges laying aside the ermine; lawyers their briefs; ministers forsaking their pulpits, physicians their patients, and whole classes in college throwing down their books and all volunteering to be converted into sweeping columns of destructive warfare.

Aye more, they poured out of the cities and towns and villages and hamlets; from over the hillsides and prairies; across our plains; down from the mountains and up from the valleys, immeasurably strong, earnest and patriotic to serve their country and if needs be rush upon the altar an eager sacrifice that this government might endure and that "liberty might not perish from off the earth."

As organized it was not only an army of physical might, but impressively and predominantly one of brain power, educated, disciplined and capable of vast achievements. In all that aggregation of two millions three hundred and thirty thousand men, there was scarcely a regiment, and surely not a division, not qualified for successfully meeting any emergency; not a regiment or a division that without fear would not cope with any demand and obey without protest any order however exacting or perilous.

Occasion requires it, and there are volunteers to repair and operate a railroad or a telegraph line: to man and to run a steamboat or a flouring mill; to build roadways, to construct bridges and pontoons over bayous, swamps and rivers at floodtide.

They could have supplied a university, a law school, a medical college or a theological seminary with a corps of professors, built a city and administered its affairs, and, given a territory, with blank paper, could have drawn a constitution, republican in form, democratic in principle, written a code of laws, set the machinery of government in operation and filled every office, executive, judicial and legislative, with eminent ability.

Such men composed the rank and file, as well as the field and staff, of the late immense army; in fame illustrious because of its great commanders and invincible because of the class of men behind the guns, out upon the firing lines, facing the enemy, struggling with the adversary in a war of great bitterness.

Deterred by no danger, unabashed at obstacles, however appalling, they steadily advanced and in a great crisis sprang to the front, and without orders, ofttimes pushed right on, sweeping the field, or scaling fortifications, driving out the enemy and there exultantly unfurling their banner.

In battle each man fought as if the conflict was all his own; the wage his fireside, while in a larger sense he knew that the real prize was an unbroken union, the reward human liberty and constitutional government.

Given a stake, a plat of ground called home, the badge of a freeman, and the Union soldier fought with great courage, wonderful enthusiasm and unyielding tenacity of purpose.

Wellington declared that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the cricket fields of Eton. The battles for the Union were won by volunteers from palace and hovel; from hills and plains; from fields and forge; men from every vocation in the great northland; those who strove dauntlessly in the sphere of action and vied with each other in patriotic duty, in unswerving devotion to

a great cause, and brooking no opposition, moved "forward in the right as God gave them to see the right." Being inflexible in purpose, unyielding in allegiance to the government, they knew no fear, acknowledged no defeat as possible; they assailed with supreme gallantry avouched impregnable walls, and scaled with alacrity supposed impossible heights.

You are not unmindful that when you saw a long line of men in blue, with guns gleaming in the sunlight, moving steadily against the enemy or heroically beating back a ferocious charge by a determined foe; your men being mowed down by shot and shell, that amidst the revolting spectacle there would come up before you a sweet, placid face of the long ago, when in some log cabin, humble cottage, or well appointed home, you, then a little boy kneeling beside your mother, listening to her gentle voice as she read to you out of her well-worn Bible, teaching you its salutary principles, how through that vision your every nerve was strung to its utmost tension, your heart throbs quickened and you highly resolved honorably to survive or gloriously perish on that field of battle.

Pass by the great commanders and immense armies; let the corps, divisions, brigades and regiments stand aside; enter the ranks of a single company and from the officers and men who swept the field with the bayonet, heard the ping and all-too frequently felt the sting of bullet, the gash of saber, and beyond patriotic duty learn from them something of the inspiration that lifted them above mere machines, drilled and disciplined humanity, out into the radiant sunbeams of personal heroism.

Comrades of the rank and file, let us rake together upon the altars of our hearts the dying embers of more than two score years ago, and, blowing for a little life, see if these smoldering remnants will not again glow with the fondest recollections and thus individualize the whole volunteer army.

Captain, do you remember that as you crossed the threshold and turned away from the old home how your sainted mother dropped into your pocket a little Bible, consecrated with her tears, and which thereafter you carried as a talisman into every battle, praying if you fell, that she might know that your last thoughts were of her and her God?

Lieutenant, do you recollect a serene girlish face, a

"Minerva graceful with azure eyes,"

with whom you had taken a solemn vow before the war came on,

whose picture was hid away in the case of your watch and on the opposite side of which there was a small counterpart of yours?

Sergeant, have you forgotten how you treasured a lock of nut-brown hair, which you at the old farm gate stole by permission from the head of a country lassie who was all the world to you, and then kissing an upturned, tear-stained face for the last time, hastened to fields soon to become war-stained?

Corporal, is memory not yet green, how at the trysting place you repeated to a maiden fair that "old, old story" and pressing your lips upon curls black as a raven's wing, which had fallen across a brow white as marble, you whispered in vibrant tones: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," and you were off to the war.

The most touching remembrance of all, however, is found in the unselfish patriotism and loyalty to duty of that idolized, handsome knight, the ever onward and ever hopeful, General James B. McPherson, who, turning aside from the marriage altar to lead his invincible Army of the Tennessee on the bloody but victorious field of Atlanta to there fall upon the altar of his country, wearing upon his heart the image of his betrothed.

Shall these and kindred sacred memories, which ran through the hearts and lives of our valiant armies from the commanding generals down to the boys who stood on the outposts, and which were ever an additional inspiration for unfaltering duty, and at a time when they were young and strong, and handsome, and brave and patriotic, be forgotten? I answer never, until "your right hand forgets its cunning and your tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth."

But do you say in this matter-of-fact, this commercial and materialistic age, that all this is mere sentiment and should find no place in the travails of a nation, in the hearts of a soldiery whose pathway ran across fields red with human gore and whose duties rested alone where havoc and carnage held unlimited sway?

Then I answer that it was Union sentiment which upheld the Government during the dark days of the rebellion and supported the army while it marched victoriously through every revolting State and crushed out rebellion between the two oceans.

It was sentiment which built General Grant's magnificent tomb on the banks of the Hudson and erected splendid equestrian statues to the memories of Sherman, McPherson and Logan. It was sentiment that caused the revolt of the colonies; brought on

the war of 1812; incited the rebellion, upheld our armies throughout four years of bitter war and enabled the soldiers for the Union to bear aloft the stars and stripes on the ensanguined fields of Shiloh, Champion Hills, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, Franklin, Antietam and Gettysburg; to unfurl it over the fortifications of Vicksburg; to witness it kiss the clouds on Lookout Mountain, and to behold it at last, all glorious, waving triumphant at Appomattox.

Emerson said that "Napoleon would shorten a straight line in order to come to a point."

General Grant with equal directness, when he started on the Wilderness campaign, said: "If Lee is willing I will reach Richmond in four days; if Lee is not willing, then—longer."

He grasped immense war problems with great tenacity of purpose, and with apparent ease solved and simplified them. He was superb in attack and relentless in his onward course. Once his plans were laid, with a clear vision and keen penetration he seemed to see through and beyond the storm-center of clashing armies, for he persistently advanced, retreating—never.

Von Moltke, it is said, "was silent in seven languages." Grant was silent in one, but his actions spoke every tongue, living and dead.

Great commanders we had, but there was not a subordinate general in the Army of the Tennessee, had disaster come, but would have contended for the honor of echoing the declaration of Marshal Ney to Napoleon: "I alone, sire, am the rear guard of the grand army."

General Grant was the great central military light of the late Civil War and around him stood many stars of the first magnitude, but I entreat you to forget not the rank and file of the splendid armies which they commanded; that innumerable host of silent stars which lit up and made glorious the sky of victory and whose intrepid courage, unswerving devotion to duty and strict obedience to orders rendered success possible and victory an ultimate reality.

Men who, hungry, footsore and fatigued uncomplainingly made long forced marches by day and by night; in sunshine—blistering where it struck, and in rain—freezing where it fell.

Men who forded swollen streams, cut off the enemy's supplies, captured and held the outposts.

Men who, in the four years of dreadful strife, of the intensest struggle for the mastery, met on "two thousand three hundred

stricken fields of blood,'' and beat back the serried hosts of the South.

Men who in the face of belching cannons and bristling bayonets scaled fortifications and held them or let their silent, upturned faces, kissed by pale moonbeams, tell the story why not, when their comrades later on came upon the scene of slaughter.

Men who with firm-set jaws smiled when that awful rebel yell came sweeping along, the precursor of a charge by as brave men as ever drew saber, swung a battle axe or hurled a javelin.

Men who laughed at hissing, whizzing bullets and bursting, screeching shells, and in the face of it all swept the field with the bayonet.

Men who withstood that awful rain of shot and canister, hour in and hour out, at Missionary Ridge, and who, though great furrows were plowed through their ranks, ''closed up'' and moved on to victory.

Men who crossed the Mississippi River, burned their bridges behind them and saw the bridges burning in front of them, fought their way against a stubborn foe to Vicksburg and captured that Gibraltar of the South.

Men who steadily pushed their way from valley and foothills upward and still on, clambered over precipitous heights, scaled craggy peaks above the clouds and out in the clear sunshine flashed their guns on Lookout Mountain and planted ''Old Glory'' there.

Men who, ever on the alert, drove the brave and determined Confederate army inch by inch, up to, through and beyond Atlanta, and thence, turning their faces eastward, with great courage swung out on that long march to the sea: the conception and successful achievement of which stands without a parallel in the military history of the world.

Men who thereafter turned their faces northward, laughed at hardships, at bitter privations and long, forced marches, scoffed at fear, defied the elements, knew no barriers, but unchecked marched on, though opposed by fortifications, by swamps, by rivers and by mountains. The South looked on at all this incredible audacity, predicting advancement beyond certain limits impossible and final defeat a consequent result; but the army with giant strides pressed forward, overcoming all obstacles and with renewed determination day by day brushed aside all opposition, however formidable.

Men who, under General Sherman, that remarkable strategist

and fearless leader, severed the Confederacy in twain, and while Southern chivalry stood paralyzed and aghast, doubting, hesitating which way to turn, swept a pathway through the very heart of the rebellious States and vanquished their adversaries by this more than Napoleonic rapidity of movement, unmatched and unprecedented warfare.

In this meed of praise to the rank and file of our victorious armies, the brave boys

> "Who felt their muscles steeled
> For deeds which men may never know,
> Nor page of history ever show,"

whom you commanded, and in whom you had unlimited faith, and upon whom, in the most urgent emergencies, even to the leading of the forlorn hope, you relied, I am impressed that I but echo the sentiment of each comrade of this Society, and which strain runs like a golden thread through every address from the masterful oration of General Rawlins, delivered in this beautiful and ever-hospitable city, at our first annual meeting, thirty and nine years ago, to the present all-glorious occasion.

During that epoch-making period, when heroes strove with giants on the battlefield for the mastery; when tangled groups of dogged survivors alone were left on crimsoned soil—soil evidencing the fact that others had there paid the last full measure of devotion to a patriotic cause, I declare that your hands were then upon chords whose resonant notes will go echoing down the ages and along every avenue songs of praise in behalf of human liberty,

"With power almost divine."

It is a significant fact fraught with the deepest interest to our American manhood and sterling courage, that during the four years of stressful war; of marching and fighting; of advancing and retreating; of driving and being driven across stubbornly contested fields, crimson dyed; that no final decisive battle was fought; no crowning victory won; no overwhelming defeat suffered in any engagement, and however appalling the loss, the retiring army "picked afresh its flints" and in a few days renewed the fight with courage unabated.

The many hard-fought battles; the doggedness of the contest; the long-drawn-out years of relentless war in that gigantic contest, which cost the lives of almost three-quarters of a million of men, North and South, and ten billions of money, finds no parallel

in the record of all the past. Casualties so awful had never been known in war between nations, but it must be remembered that such foes were never in the history of the world face to face before; that a new gage of battle was fixed: a loftier character stamped upon personal and collective heroism.

This "steel flashing to steel," "diamond cutting diamond," between great military commanders; this awful carnage; vast waste of treasure; severe test of long-drawn-out human endurance; this sapping of nerve power; hope deferred; painful agony of suspense: this swinging in the balance and still contesting banners flaunting defiance above great armies aligned for battle, finds a solution only, I submit, in the answer given by Henry Ward Beecher, while addressing a mass meeting at Manchester, England, in 1863, explaining why that country should not recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and telling why, in his judgment, the Union should be preserved, when some one in the audience cried out: "Then why don't you put down the rebellion?" Mr. Beecher's steel-gray eyes flashed, his strong right arm shot out, as he replied: "Because we are fighting Americans and not Englishmen."

However, it was most gratifying to observe that when Appomattox came, these same unflinching men of heroic mold and valor undismayed, shook hands across the bloody chasm; divided their rations; drank from the same canteen, and setting the pace for a new commercial age of great prosperity, by exchanging Northern hair-splitting war stories for Southern blood-curdling experiences, peacefully returned to "their spring plowing," for cotton and rice in the South, for corn and wheat in the North; grateful that the misunderstanding had at last been settled and all the hatchways on the "Old Ship of State" securely nailed down forever.

And now at the close of forty years since the curtain was rung down on the last act played in that great war drama, we look back and review with commendable pride the unparalleled scene of that victorious army of one million five hundred and sixteen thousand veteran soldiers quietly returning to their several homes, their various vocations; doffing military trappings and donning citizens' garb, and each once more gathering up here and there the raveled edges of life, and going forward to weave out the pattern just as bravely as if he had not turned aside to assist in stamping out a rebellion of unequaled magnitude; working out in patience thereafter his allotment in the vineyard, at-

testing thereby his good citizenship. This was the kind of fiber the American soldier was made of; loyal to his country, to his State, to his fireside and to his God.

The Army of the Tennessee "fought a good fight", and it is gratifying to know that in civil life it has "kept the faith". It has filled every office in the gift of the people from President of the United States down through all grades, even to local affairs, with marked ability and strict integrity. More especially has it nobly performed its duty as private citizen, in manual labor, agriculture, manufacture, commerce and as skilled artisans; as civil engineers engaged in the construction of our vast systems of transportation, rail and waterways. In the building up of our great cities and extensive internal improvements. Men who have sought no office, craved no notoriety save that which comes from the genius of unending toil, and upon whom the strength, the success, the prosperity and the preservation of our institutions so largely depends.

In every field of our marvelous improvement, where great courage, persistent labor, genuine skill and genius of a high order were required, you and your associates in arms have not only stood upon the ramparts, but have "hung your banners on the outer walls" and pressed forward great undertakings to the betterment of local communities, to the enrichment of the several States and to the honor of this unmatched Republic.

Who can estimate how much of our wonderful progress, of our unprecedented growth, the doing of things and the doing of them right, can be traced back to the lessons learned, the discipline gained by men while in the army during the Civil War?

Who can calculate the knowledge acquired through the concentration of power and the example of energetic action put into execution during that four years of strenuous warfare and thereafter carried forward into vast enterprises, on land and sea, essential to the increasing demands of the age, to the exigencies of this country's rapid growth?

Who knows how much of order, system and self-reliant manhood made manifest by men in daily life throughout every bailiwick in this broad domain can be traced back to the self-sacrifice, the hardships and discipline of the troops during the acrimonious war of the rebellion?

Remember that it was Grant and Sherman and Sheridan who blotted out of our lexicons the word "can't", and who inserted in lieu thereof the words "go in". That it was our great com-

mander who set aside all precedent in military ethics by never calling a council of war, but who issued instead irrevocable orders to his illustrious field marshals to be opened at 4 o'clock in the morning: "You will attack the enemy at daylight"; and these lessons were so impressed upon the army that when it was dissolved and its component parts returned to peaceful vocations, that individually they have ever since been "going in" and they are still "attacking the enemy at daylight."

If in obedience to this injunction, when Commodore Dewey on that beautiful May morning in Manila Bay, issued his laconic order, "Fire as soon as you get ready, Gridley," it meant the swinging outward, upon their rusty and creaking hinges, the doors to the East and this nation's moving forward and upward and eastward in the rich development and civilization of the world, beyond the knowledge of the wise man, the ken of seer or vision of prophet, let us join in that splendid anthem—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

The South, with unlimited faith, boundless enthusiasm and absolute loyalty to a principle which she believed to be right, struck out with great courage, gloried in her declaration of war, and through which thousands of her gallant sons, evincing the supremest human courage, the sublimest faith in an ultimate triumph, went to untimely graves; and though she was thereby forced to "tred the winepress in sorrow", to "drain to the bitter dregs the cup of defeat", to feel in every nerve the scourge and devastation of large contesting armies marching and countermarching throughout all her territory until that once fair land was stricken and paralyzed in body and limb, we are rejoiced to know that, Phoenix-like, she has arisen from her ashes and that she stands forth today in the plentitude of her material progress, in the grandeur of her wonderful development and in the beauty of her educational, moral and Christian excellence, a vast power in the aggregation of States, in an unbroken Union, and in an unequaled Republic.

The reaper that knows no pity has passed within our lines, and thrusting in his keen-edged sickle here and there, has gathered his sheaves and garnered his harvest of rich, golden grain from our ranks until today more of our associates are marshaled on the

eternal camping grounds than are gathered here on the banks of the beautiful Ohio, but their memories, their unselfish loyalty, patriotic devotion to duty and invaluable services to their country will remain with us a sacred heritage.

When this society was formed, if the ties that bound you then were silver chains, forged in camp, on the march, in bivouac and on the battlefield during four years of wrathful war, at the end of two score years of peace, having passed the crucial test of life's civil ordeals, the links that bind you now are burnished gold, glittering with diamonds, the trophies of victories won, peaceful and not war-stained.

Standing in the gray dawn of the twentieth century, bearing forward without loss as a Republic all the acquisitions of the past, with a national consciousness of strength, a personal consciousness of duty, an enlarged possibility for good, may we not indulge the hope that the pendulum of commercialism has reached its limit; that henceforth the pendulum of idealism may swing upward, to the betterment of the American people, to the glory of the respective States, to the nation's exaltation in its majestic march beneath the stars and stripes for truth, for liberty, for peace, for righteousness, and for the universal rights of man throughout the civilized world.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 040 847 5

0 014 040 84

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 040 847 5

Permalife